

HARRY VON TILZER'S

OLD TIME FAVORITE HITS

A COLLECTION of 32 COMPLETE SONGS

WITH WORDS AND MUSIC

FROM THE PEN OF  HARRY VON TILZER



*Yours in melody
Harry Von Tilzer*

INCLUDING

WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE ~ I WANT A GIRL
DOWN WHERE THE WURZBURGER FLOWS
ALL ABOARD FOR BLANKET BAY ~ A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

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P R E F A C E

At the present time there seems to be a craze of the younger generation (as well as the older) to hear and sing the good old songs of years ago— hence, this book of my old time hits.

I go back over a quarter of a century and feel (without egotism) that I am giving you the greatest collection of copyrighted hits that will ever be compiled in any one book; songs that will cheer up a crowd of boys and girls when you get together and bring back happy reminiscences to your dads and mothers.

In this wonderful collection of old time hits, you will find ballads, waltz songs, march songs, coon songs and novelty songs. Every music lover will undoubtedly want a copy of this folio for their library and as the years roll on, and the curtain rings down, I trust this little book of songs will bring many happy moments to you and leave a modest little monument in many homes, of your humble servant.

Harry Von Tilzer

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HARRY VON TILZER'S

Collection of Copyrighted OLD TIME HITS

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Price 50 cents

1658 Broadway

HARRY VON TILZER

New York City

Wait 'till The Sun Shines, Nellie

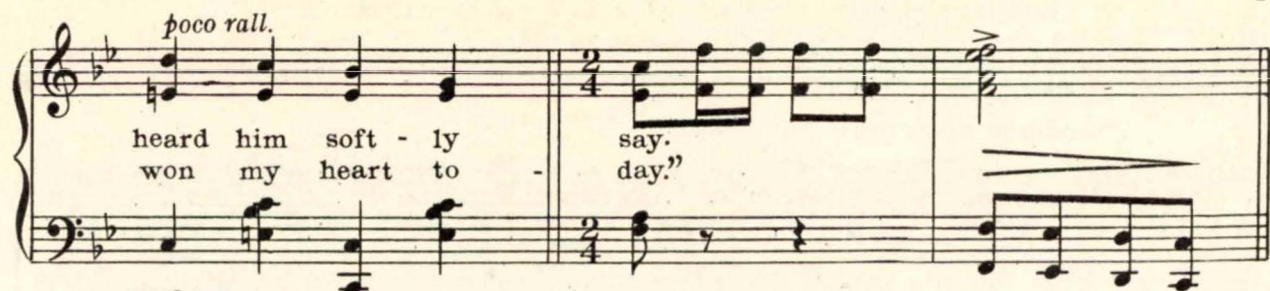
ANDREW B. STERLING

HARRY VON TILZER

Moderato
Slowly

On a Sun - day Morn, sat a maid for - lorn, - With her
 "How I long," she sighed "for a trol - ley ride, - Just to
 sweet - heart by - her side; - Thro' the win - dow pane, - she looked
 show my brand - new gown," - Then she gazed on high, - with a
 at the rain, - "We must stay home Joe" She cried; There's a
 glad - some cry, - For the sun came shin - ing down. And she
 pic - nic too, - at the Old Point View, It's a shame it rained to -
 looked so sweet, on the big front seat, As the car sped on - its
 day, - Then the boy drew near, kissed a - way each tear, - And she
 way, - And she whis - pered low, "Say you're all right Joe, - You just

poco rall.



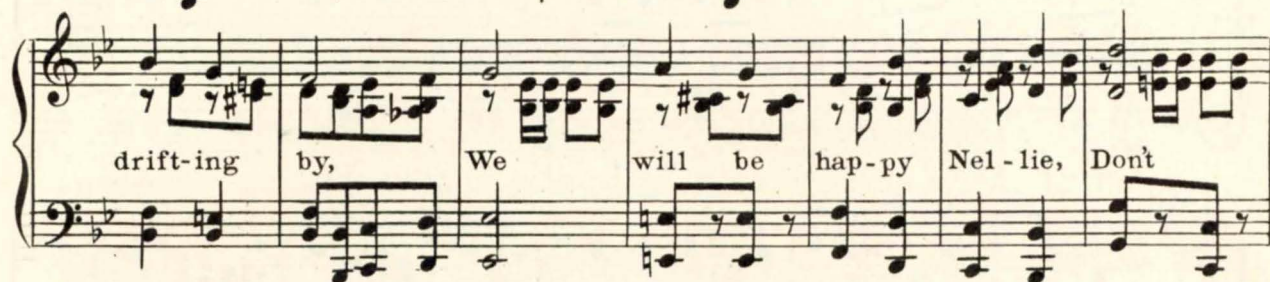
heard him soft - ly
won my heart to - say.
day?"

CHORUS


p=f



Wait 'till the sun shines Nel-lie, When the clouds go




drift-ing by, We will be hap-py Nel-lie, Don't



you sigh; Down lov - er's lane we'll wander



Sweet-heart you and I; Wait 'till the sun shines



Nel-lie, Bye and bye?
1
2
bye?"

Last Night Was The End Of The World

ANDREW B. STERLING

HARRY VON TILZER

Andante maestoso

p

We were a-lone in the moon-light, There in the shad-ow be-low, Last
Why did I call you my dear one, There was a light in your eye, Last

night seems to me in my dream-ing, Was thou-sands of years a-go,
night, dear, I thought it was beam-ing, For me 'till I saw it die,

Sweet was the sto-ry I told you, Sweet, but the end was a sigh, You
Why did you teach me to love you, Why, when you knew we must part, A

told me that you loved an-oth-er Last night when you said good-bye. Last
smile, and you left me for-ev-er Last night when you broke my heart. Last

REFRAIN

night the stars were all a-glow, Last night I loved, I loved you

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so; My heart — was glad — for you were near I

held your hand and called you dear, My dear And then — the stars grew dim and

cold, The moon — grew pale my heart grew old, My

dream is over, — to live no more, Last night — was the end of the

a tempo — world. —

poco rall. night was the end of the world. —

marcato

f *poco a poco* *rall.*

a tempo *f*

2 rall. *più mosso* *fz*

Down Where The Wurzburger Flows

VINCENT P. BRYAN

HARRY VON TILZER

Tempo di Valse

Now po-ets may sing of the dear Fa-ther-land And the soft flowing dreamy old
The Rhine by moonlight's a beau-ti-ful sight When the wind whispers low thro' the

Rhine ————— Be side the Blue Dan-u-be in fan-cy they stand And they
vines ————— But give me some good old Raths-ke-l-lar at night Where the

rave of its beau-ties di-vine ————— But there is a spot where the
brill-i-ant e - lec-tric light shines ————— The po-ets may think it's de-

sun nev-er shines Where mirth and good fel-low-ship reign ————— For dear old Bo-
light-ful to hear The night-in-gale pip-ing his lay ————— Give me a pi-

hem-ia my lone-ly heart pines And I long to be there once a - gain —————
an-o a cold stein of beer And a fel-low who knows how to play —————

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REFRAIN

Take me down, down, down where the Wurzburg-er flows, flows,

flows It goes down, down, down but no - bo-dy knows where

it goes Just or-der two seid-els of la-ger, or three If I

don't want to drink it, please force it on me, The Rhine may be fine but a cold stein for

mine, Down where the Wurzburg-er flows. Take me flows. D.S.

Down On The Farm

RAYMOND A. BROWNE

HARRY VON TILZER

Andante moderato
p

When the toil of day is o - ver,
I can hear the church bells ring - ing,

And the crowds are go - ing home,
And the birds sing sweet and clear,

Far a - way be - yond the Cit - y,
By the riv - er I am wan - d'ring,

All my thoughts be - gin to roam,
Hand in hand with Jul - ia dear,

mf
Back to where the flow'rs are blooming,
O'er the hills, and through the valley,

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And where all is peace and rest; — Back up - on the dear old
 That have nev-er lost their charm; — Back a - mid the scenes of
 home - stead; With the ones I love the best; —
 child - hood; Home sweet home down on the farm.

CHORUS

Andante espressivo

Just a field of new mown hay; — Just a cot - tage by the
 way; — Just a moth - er dear to shield me from all harm; —
 Just a sweet-heart wait - ing, too, — With a love that's fond and
 true; — Just a dear old fash-ioned coun-try home, Down on the farm. —

I Want A Girl

Just Like The Girl That Married Dear Old Dad

WILLIAM DILLON

HARRY VON TILZER

When I was a boy my mother oft - en said to me, Get mar - ried boy and
By the old mill stream there sits a coup - le old and gray, Though years have rolled a -

see, how hap - py you will be, I have looked all o - ver, but no
way, their hearts are young to - day, Moth - er dear looks up at Dad with

girl - ie can I find, Who seems to be just like the lit - tle girl I have in
love light in her eye, He steals a kiss, a fond em - brace, while ev - ning breez - es

mind, I will have to look a - round un - til the right one I have found.
sigh, They're as hap - py as can be, so that's the kind of love for me.

CHORUS
I want a girl, just like the girl that mar - ried

dear old Dad, She was a pearl and the

on - ly girl that Dad - dy ev - er had, A good old

fash-ioned girl with heart so true, One who loves no - bod - y

else but you, I want a girl, just like the girl that

mar - ried dear old Dad. — Dad. — *fz*

Good Bye Eliza Jane

ANDREW B. STERLING

HARRY VON TILZER

Moderato

Look a' here Liz - a, lis - ten to me; You aint the gal you
 Look a' here Liz - a, take off those rings; Dig in that trunk, gal;

prom-ised to be; - Did-n't you say you al-ways would be true, — oo, oo, oo,
 hand me those things; - I'm gwine to take the clothes I paid for, too, — oo, oo, oo,

oo? — You went a driv - ing with Mis - ter Brown;
 oo! — Cough up that old gold watch and de chain;

Now I'm the laugh - ing stock of the town; Folks say that I — was
 Wants that um - brel - la, 'cause it might rain; Ask Mis - ter Brown to

cra - zy to trust you, — oo, oo, oo, oo. — Throw up my hands, babe,
 fix you up all new, — oo, oo, oo, oo. — Rent time is here, babe;

I'se gwine to go; Can't stand the blow; I loved you so; —
land-lord to day; — I'll be a - way; Who's gwine to pay?—

I was the good thing while I had the "dough," Now I must whis - per low. —
Praps Mis - ter Brown will — If he's a jay, Once more to you I say —

CHORUS

p-f
"Good-bye, E - li - za Jane I'm gwine a' for to leave you! Well,

you'll know, when I go, - that I was the fel - low with the "dough, dough, dough," So

I'm gwine for to sing a lit - tle song, And tra - vel a - long, just tra - vel a - long;

Wish you good-day, Babe; I'm on my way; Good-bye, E - li - za Jane." — Jane." —

On A Sunday Afternoon

ANDREW B. STERLING

HARRY VON TILZER

Tempo di Valse

There's a day, we feel gay If the weath-
Com-ing home, star-ry dome with a soft

er's fine, Ev-'ry lad feels so glad,
moon shine Lov-ers kiss, oh what bliss,

— if the sun does shine In his best, he is
— oh what joy di - vine "Goodnight Joe" Goodnight

dressed, and with smi - ling face, He goes with his
Flo, don't for - get now dear Next Sun-day at

Pear-lie his own lit - tle gir-lie to some nice place.
two, I'll be wait-ing for you on the old Iron Pier."
rall. *rall.*

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CHORUS

mf-f

On a Sun - day aft - er - noon — In the mer - ry month of June —

— Take a trip up the Hud-son or down the bay, Take a trol-ley to

Co-ney or Rock - a - way, On a Sun - day aft - er - noon — You can

see the lov - er's spoon, — They work hard on Monday, But one day that's

fun day Is Sun - day aft - er - noon. On a noon: —

1 2

Where The Morning Glories Twine Around The Door

ANDREW B. STERLING

HARRY VON TILZER

Andante moderato

p

Down in New Eng-land, far, far a-way, Back to the home-stead on the
 Down in New Eng-land, far, far a-way, Pic - ture a moth-er filled with

hill; — Oft in my fan - cy, fond - ly I stray, —
 joy; — Greet-ing her lost one, just hear her say, —

Dream-ing a-lone when all is still. — I see them stand-ing the
 Kiss me a-gain I love my boy. — See there my sweet-heart her

ones I love dear, — There in the moon's gen - tle shine, —
 eyes filled with tears, — Tight - ly her hands clasped in mine, —

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I hear their voic-es call-ing to me, Down where the morning glories twine.
Two hearts are break-ing, wait ing for me, Down where the morning glories twine.

CHORUS *Slowly*

Now, the same old moon is shin-ing, And the ros-es bloom as fair, And the

same dear hearts are pin-ing, They are wait-ing for me there, Moth-er

dear will come to meet me, And a sweet-heart's kiss will greet me, Where the

morn-ing glor-ies twine a-round the same old door.

All Alone!

WILLIAM DILLON

HARRY VON TILZER

Allegro moderato

Hel - lo Cen-tral, Hel - lo Cen-tral, Give me 6 0 3
Hel - lo Georg-ie, Hel - lo Georg-ie, Can't come out to - night,

Please don't keep me wait - ing here, want to talk with Georg - ie dear,
I don't want to see a show, din - ner? Good-ness grac - ious no,

Hel - lo Georg-ie hel - lo Georg-ie good-ness grac-ious me, Well
Do not coax me it pro-vokes me noth - ing you can say Will

now at last I've got you dear, this is your Mar - ie,
get me to come out to-night, home I'm going to stay,

I've been try - ing hard all day to get you on the phone to say. Im
Want you to come right up here and show me how you love me dear. Im

rall

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CHORUS

p-f

All a - lone All a - lone no - bo - dy

here but me Par - lor's nice and co - zy

Ev - 'ry - thing is ros - y We'll have lots of hur - ry up and

get here hon - ey, Take a car it's not far, my time is

all my own, Hur - ry up there's something missing, We'll have

lots of kiss ing Pa and Ma have left me all a - lone. lone.

1 2

Good-Bye Boys

ANDREW B. STERLING
and WILLIAM JEROME

HARRY VON TILZER

Tempo di Marcia

Good bye old pals I'm go-ing far a - way, 'Tis du-ty calls me and I
Good bye old pals I'll bravely face the foe, When she says yes I'll come right

must o - bey, I know you'll weep when I am leav - ing A he-ro
back with no! If she should fight and make a scene oh! I'll take the

al-ways leaves 'em griev - ing, Good-bye and give my love to Maud and
next train out to Re - no, Good-bye if I'm a-live and well next

Flo, Tell all the girls I know, Just like a
year, I'll sure-ly meet you here, If not re -

sol-dier boy I plunged in-to the strife To bat-tle for my life. —
mem-ber I died fight-ing for my rights, My right to stay out nights. —

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CHORUS

Good - bye boys, I'm go - ing to be
 mar - ried to - mor - row, Good - bye boys,
 I'm go - ing from sun - shine to sor - row, No more
 hang - ing 'round the town at night No more stay - ing out 'till
 wait - ing at the old stage door No more 'phon - ing from the
 broad day - light I'm go - ing to re - hearse, for bet - ter or for worse so
 old drug store Paul - ine and Ju - li - et are names I must for - get so
 Good - bye boys! boys! *f* D.S.

The Mansion Of Aching Hearts

ARTHUR J. LAMB

HARRY VON TILZER

Tempo di Valse moderato

p

The last dance was o-ver, the mu-sic had ceased, And the danc-ers were leav-ing the
A-lone by the fireside, a mansad-ly looks, At a pic-ture that hangs on the

hall, — A few men were say-ing their last good - byes, To the
wall, He has nev-er for - got - ten the sad sweet face, Of the

beau-ti-ful belle of the ball, A - lone by the win-dow a youth sad-ly
beau-ti-ful belle of the ball, He's read-ing her let-ter "My pic-ture I

stands, His heart she had stol-en a - way, And just as he
send, I have loved you, but on - ly in vain, Oh try to for -

gazed on her beau-ti-ful face, He was start-led to hear some one say.
get that we ev - er have met," Then he thinks with a heart full of pain.

rall.

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CHORUS

a tempo

She lives in a man-sion of ach-ing hearts, She's one of a

rest-less throng, The dia-monds that glit-ter a-round her

throat, They speak both of sor-row and *poco rall* song; The

a tempo smile on her face is on-ly a mask, And ma-ny the

tear that starts, For sad-der it seems, when of

moth-er she dreams, In the man-sion of ach-ing hearts. *rit*

And The Green Grass Grew All Around

WILLIAM JEROME

HARRY VON TILZER

Moderato

Lit-tle John-nie Green,
 Head up-on his breast
 Af-ter they were wed,
 Lit-tle Sal-lie Brown
 Lit-tle Sal-lie Brown
 I can cook she said
 spoon-ing in the park with the
 Cooch-e, Cooch-e Coo, with the
 Fried a piece of steak with the

grass all a-round,
 grass all a-round,
 grass all a-round,
 Un-der-neath a tree,
 Now and then a kiss,
 Made some bis-cuits too,
 they were mak-ing love,
 then a lov-ing sigh,
 which poor John-nie ate,

Gaz-ing at the
 What would pop-sey
 Doc-tor, came, but
 sil-ver stars a-bove,
 do if ma should die,
 then it was too late,
 John said "Sal lie our
 John said Sal-lie when
 John de-lir-i-ous

love will grow,
 we are wed,
 starts to rave,
 I've got mon-ey said
 I'll bring break-fast to
 Three days af-ter he's
 Sal, you know,
 you in bed,
 in his grave,

And if you will
 Come on dear just
 All his hap-py
 share my lot I'll
 one more squeeze Give
 days are gone, Home
 give you all I've
 me your bank book
 Cook-ing killed poor
 got.
 please.—
 John! —

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CHORUS

p-f

And the green grass grew all a - round, - All a - round, All a - round And -

each lit-tle bird in the tree-top high said "Oh you Kid," And winked his eye,
each lit-tle bird in the tree-top high sang "Oh you Kid," "You're some wise guy!" And the
each lit-tle bird in the tree-top high sang "Oh you John," Good - bye, good-bye!

green grass grew all a round, - All a round, on the ground, With
John
The

all your gold my tur-tle dove, Said he "How can you doubt my love?"
fan-cied he heard some-one say, There's al-ways one born ev - 'ry day, And the greengrass grew all a -
bis-cuits he could not di-gest, Were laid a-way with John to rest,

round, all a-round, And the greengrass grew all a - round. — And the — round. — D.S.

Down Where The Cotton Blossoms Grow

ANDREW B. STERLING

HARRY VON TILZER

Andante espress

mp

I was go - ing home a - gain and was wait ing for my train, In a
When I reached the dear old place, ev - 'ry old fa - mil - iar face, Brought un -

quaint old rail - way sta - tion way out
to my heart a throb of un - told

west, All the
joy, As each

world was bright to me, For I knew I soon would see, Dear old
dar - ky took his stand, Then I shook each by the hand, For I'd

moth - er and the girl I loved the
known them since I'd been a lit - tle

best, I could
boy, Then a

see the rus - tic gate, Where I
sweet and joy - ous cry, brought a

swung with sweet - heart Kate, And my
tear - drop to my eye, And my

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old plan - ta - tion home that stood be - low, May the
moth - er kissed me as in long a - go, While a

soft moon gent - ly shine, On your sweet face moth - er mine, In the
girl - ish form drew near, 'Twas my sweet heart Kate so dear, In my

rall.
home down where the cot - ton blos - soms grow;
home down where the cot - ton blos - soms grow;

CHORUS
mp
Pic - ture to - night a field of snow - y white,

Hear the dark - ies sing - ing soft and low, I long there to be for

dim *rall.*
some one waits for me, Down where the cot - ton blos - soms grow.

Take Me Back To New York Town

ANDREW B. STERLING

HARRY VON TILZER

Tempo di Valse

Two friends from old New York town, Met in a for - eign
Sing of the beau-ti - ful Rhine, Say that it beats the

land,
band, One sang the prais-es of gay Par - ee, And the
Just take a trip up old Hud - son bay, Ain't it

strand — Lon-don grand; — Soft-ly the oth - er re -
grand, — Yan-kee land; — Rave of the sights o'er the

plied, sea, "I know a place-too," he sighed, — "And though I.
Eng-land and old Ger-man-y, Give me Broad-

roam, it is my home sweet home, Un - cle Sam - my's pride.
way, where it's gay, night and day, That's the place for me.

CHORUS

Take me back to New York town, New York town, New York town,

There's where I long to be, With the friends so dear to me, —

Con - ey Is - land down the bay, And the lights of old Broad-way, Her - ald

Square I don't care an-y where New York town, take me there. there. —

Alexander

ANDREW B. STERLING

HARRY VON TILZER

Allegro moderato

Look here, Al-ex-an-der, I was on-ly fool-ing, When I said an-oth-er coon my
 Look here, Al-ex-an-der, say that you re-mem-ber, You ain't done a stroke of work since

heart was rul-ing, All the day- I think of no one else but you, _____
 last De-cem-ber, Who went out- a- wash-in', worked all day for you, _____

Honest, Al-ex-ander, won't you please believe me? It would break my heart in two if you should leave me
 Listen, Al-ex-ander, you were keep-in' cas-es, While I took in scrubbin', you just played the ra-ces

Won't you take me back, babe, and I'll al-ways be true; —
 Say if that aint love, babe, no gal ev-er loved true; —

Nev-er let an-oth-er man make eyes at me, — I'll be just as sweet as an-y gal can be, —
 I don't want to talk a-bout the things I've done, — I just want to say that you're ma on-ly one, —

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You can be the "Boss" I'll let you have your way, — Al-ex-an-der won't you let me stay. —
I'll put up a wash-in' sign out-side the door, — Al-ex-an-der take me back once more.

p-f
Can't you see the rain and hail am fast-ly fall-ing, Al-ex-an-der,

Don't you hear your la-dy love a-soft-ly call-ing, Al-ex-

an-der, Take me to your heart a-gain and call me hon-ey,

All I want is lov-in', I don't want your mon-ey, Al-ex-an-der, tell me, don't you

love your ba-by no more? more?

In The Sweet Bye And Bye

VINCENT BRYAN

HARRY VON TILZER

Tempo di Valse

Bright-ly the moon-light is shin - ing, Down thro' the trees from a
 "Af - ter the win - ter is o - ver, Af - ter the sum - mer is

bove, Two lov - ers wait by the old gar - den gate Tell - ing tales
 done, I'll have a cot in a sha - dy green spot With my on -

of love; He bids the maid cease re - pin -
 ly one; Hand in hand down thro' the clo -

ing; Whis - per - ing Sweet heart don't sigh! Soon you and
 ver, When work is o - ver we'll stray; Then we'll for

I will be hap - py In the sweet bye and bye.
 get all our sor - rows Watch - ing ba - by play.

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CHORUS

In the sweet bye and bye; In the sweet bye and

bye; We'll have a cot-tage that's built for two, Then lovey'll love

dov-ey And dovey'll love oo; In the sweet bye and bye, — In the

sweet bye and bye, Loves dream will seem sweet as peach-es and

cream In the sweet bye and bye. In the bye.

When The Harvest Days Are Over

(Jessie Dear)

HOWARD GRAHAM

HARRY VON TILZER

Andante moderato

p

Near the fire - side so cheer-ful, Sits an old man sad and tear-ful, He is
 Now the fire once bright is dy - ing, As he sits there soft-ly sigh-ing, For his

dream - ing of the days of long a - go, And in
 fan - cy takes him down a coun - try lane, Past the

fan - cy he is roam - ing, With his Sweet - heart in the gloam - ing, When he
 old schoolhouse he's stroll - ing, And he hears the church bells toll - ing, As he

spoke the words that set her cheeks a - glow, By the
 kneels be - side his dar - ling's grave a - gain, All in

brook down in the mead - ow, In the wil - low's gen - tle shad - ow, There they
 white she's gen - tly sleep - ing, All in black he's soft - ly weep - ing, For the

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planned their fu - ture hap - pi - ness one day, When the
one who was to be his wife some day, But death

Sun set in its splen - dor, Then his voice grew soft and ten - der, As he
took him there to greet her, And in Heav'n a - bove he'll meet her, Like the

gent - ly took her in his arms to say.
fire in the grate he passed a - way.

CHORUS

When the har - vest days are o - ver Jes - sie dear, And the

sun kissed flowers bloom heath sky so clear, — You will keep the word you said, That's the

time we two shall wed, When the har - vest days are o - ver Jes - sie dear.

I'd Leave Ma Happy Home For You

WILL A. HEELAN

HARRY VON TILZER

A gal I knew, a nice gal too, 'till some-one told her she knew how to
He said he'd shake de show and take that la - dy with a comp - ny of his

act, — Then that ba - by blew ev - 'ry sol - i - ta - ry sou, chas - in'
own, — But he packed his grips and he took a qui - et trip, and he

roun' to cheap thea - tres, that's a fact. At last she got ac - quaint - ed with an
left that lit - tle ba - by all a - lone. He tried his best to skip her, but she

act - or who was paint - ed like a dar - ky in de show, — And she
used to buy de clip - per, what de act - or's news was in, — When she

fol - lowed him a - roun' 'till the night they quit de town, Then she
found out where he went, ev - 'ry day a note she sent, This is

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said: "Please take me with you when you go" For
just how ev - 'ry let ter would be - gin: Well

Chorus

p-f
I'd leave ma hap - py home for you — oo, oo, oo, oo,

You're de nic - est man I ev er knew — oo, oo, oo, oo.

If you take me, and just break me in de bus' - ness too, oo,

I'd leave ma hap - py home for you — oo oo oo oo

All Aboard For Blanket Bay

ANDREW B. STERLING

HARRY VON TILZER

Moderato

There's a ship sails a way at the close of each day, Sails a
There was one night the ship took a won-der-ful trip and the
way to the land of dreams, Ma-ma's lit tle boy Blue, is the
Cap-tain came home next day, With his lit-tle voice hushed, and his
Cap-tain and crew, Of this won-der-ful ship, Called the "White Pil-low
lit-tle face flushed, From a fe-ver he'd caught, In the Slum-ber-land
Slip," When the day's play is o'er, and the toys on the floor, Cast a -
Port, And they watched by his bed, till the old doc-tor said, Hes a -
side by a lit-tle brown hand, Ma-ma hugs him up tight, Pa-pa
sleep dan-gers past come a - way, Ma-ma kissed her boy Blue, Pa-pa

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whis-pers good night, Lit - tle sail - or boy sail in - to sweet slum ber land.
hugged him up too, There were tears in his eyes as he sang blank-et bay. *rall*

CHORUS

mf All a - board for Blank - et Bay, Wont come back till the

break of day, Roll him round in his - lit tle white sheet,

poco rall. 'Till you can't see his lit tle bare feet, Then you tuck him up in his *rall.* *a tempo*

trun - dle bed, Ship a hoy, lit - tle sleep - y head Bless Ma - ma bless *rall. molto a tempo*

Pa - pa and sail a - way, All a - board for 'Blank - et Bay.

40 What You Goin' To Do When The Rent Comes 'Round ?
(Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown)

ANDREW B. STERLING

HARRY VON TILZER

Moderato

Who dat a-knock-in' at the door be-low,
Keep on a-bang-in' on the old front door,
Who dat a-shiv'-rin' in the
In just a min-ute babeyou'll

hail and snow,
hear me snore,
I can hear you grum-blin' Mis-ter
If I goes to bed with-out a
Ru-fus Brown,
bite or sup,

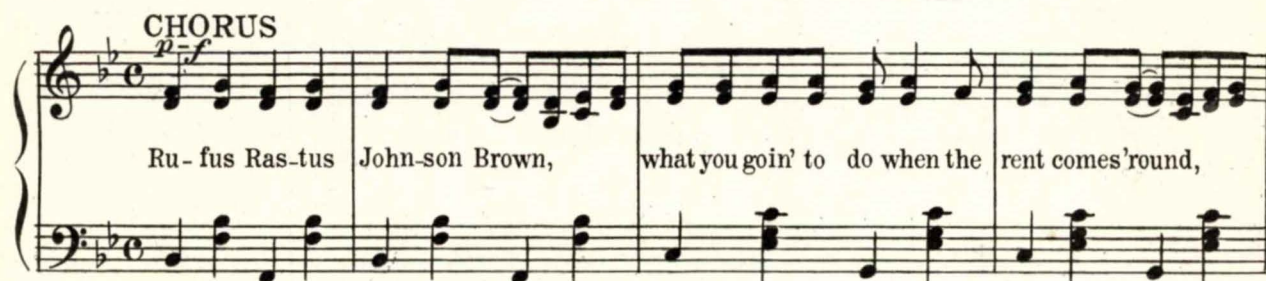
Just keep on a-knock-in' babe, I
You will be an i-ci-cle when
won't come down,
I wakes up,
I want to tell you that you
Where's all the mon-ey that you

can't get in,
said you'd bring,
Have you been a-gam-blin' Hon-ey,
Mel-ted all a-way just like the
did you win?
snow last Spring,

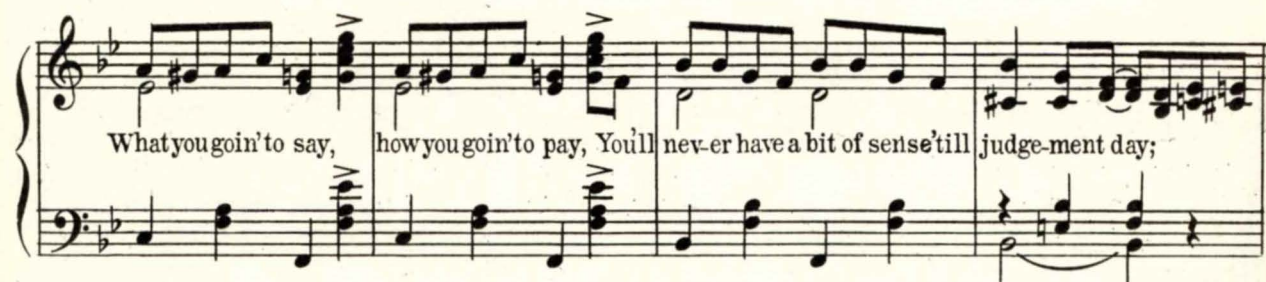


what's that you tell me coon you lost your breath? I hopes you freez-es to death.
Ru-fus I love you, but this serves you right, Guess that's suf-fi - cient, "Good-night?"


CHORUS



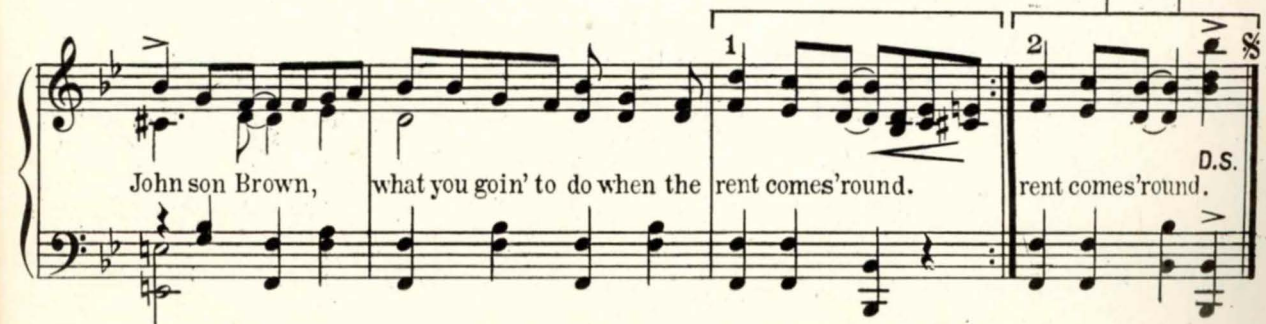
Ru-fus Ras-tus John-son Brown, what you goin' to do when the rent comes'round,



What you goin'to say, how you goin'to pay, You'll nev-er have a bit of sense'till judge-ment day;



You know, I know, rent means dough, Landlords goin'to put us out in the snow, Ru-fus Ras-tus



John son Brown, what you goin' to do when the rent comes'round. 1. rent comes'round. 2. rent comes'round. D.S.

In The Evening By The Moonlight, Dear Louise

ANDREW B. STERLING

HARRY VON TILZER

And^{te} mod^{to}

When the sum-mer day is dy-ing, dear Lou - ise, ——— And the
Thro' the cot-ton fields we'll wan-der, dear Lou - ise, ——— Past the

moon is shin-ing far a bove, ——— Then my
old plan-ta-tion, hand in hand, ——— While the

heart for you is sigh ing dear Lou - ise, ——— For I long to see the face I
dark-ies o-ver yon-der, dear Lou - ise, ——— Soft-ly sing sweet songs of Dix-ie

love; ——— In the Val-ley where the sweet mag-no-lia grows, ——— Where the
land, ——— I will whis-per once a-gain the sto-ry sweet, ——— How you'll

dear old Swanee riv-er soft-ly flows, Meet me when the night-in-gale sings in the
tremble when I kneel there at your feet, I will take you in my arms be-neath the

trees _____ In the ev-ning by the moon-light, dear Lou - ise. _____
 trees _____ In the ev-ning by the moon-light, dear Lou - ise. _____

CHORUS *slowly*

Dear Lou - ise, I'm wait-ing in the moon - light Dear Lou -

ise, be - neath the same old trees; Come to

me my heart is pin-ing, Meet me when the stars are shin-ing In the

poco a poco rall. e dim.

ev'-ning by the moon - light, dear Lou - ise _____

The Cubanola Glide

VINCENT BRYAN

HARRY VON TILZER

Allegro moderato

Way down in Cu - ba where skies are clear,
I'm go - in' cra - zy hon, hear dat band,

Where it is sum-mertime all of the year, Dey has de lov-in-est
Ain't it a dai sy it's certain-ly grand, Nev-er heard mu-sic like

dance I know, Come a - long hon-ey babe And I'll show you;
dat be - fore Rag it some more and we'll Glide to glo - ry,

Get a way clos - er hon, Squeeze me tight, Rag a dag to de left
Puck-er your ro - sey lips lift de lid, Slip me a lov - in' kiss

den to de right, Shake it up shake it up, side by side,
O-Oh you Kid, Hon - ey bunch, Hon - ey bunch, whis-per low,

Cuddle right up to me as we slide. *fz* Ain't it en-tranc - in',
Tell me you love me babe let me know. I feel so spoon - y,

when you're a danc - in', Dat Cu-ban - o - la glide.
I'm go - in' loon - ey, Don't ev - er let me go.

Chorus Slowly

Glide, Glide, keep on a glid-in', Slide, Slide, Keep on a slid-in',

Hon-ey look in-to your ba-by's eyes, Throw your arms a-round me

Ain't you glad you found me, Tease, squeeze, lov-in' and woo-in'

Oh babe, What are you do-in', Ride to glo-ry by your

baby's side, When you do de Cu-ban o-la glide.
o-la glide. D.S.

Under The Yum, Yum Tree

ANDREW B. STERLING

HARRY VON TILZER

Moderato *p*

There's a place to go where the breez-es blow And the hum of the bum-ble
Yum Yum tree just grew in the land of "Coo" It was plan-ted by old King

bee ——— As he buz-zes by — 'Neath a tint-ed sky — In a
"Spoon" ——— E-ven birds that fly, — In its branch-es high — Sing a

sweet hon-eyed mel-o - dy; ——— Take your sweet-heart true, to this
soft lit-tle lov-ing tune; ——— Cu-pid and his band haunt that

place with you There's a spot where no one can see, ——— You can
goo - goo - land And a dart in your heart there'll be, ——— If you

poco *a* *poco* *rall.*

lov-ey, lov-ey, love, With your dov-ey, dov-ey, dove, — Under the Yum Yum tree. —
spoon-ey, spoon-ey, spoon, Neath the moon-ey, moon-ey, moon, — Under the Yum Yum tree. —

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CHORUS

p-f
Un-der the Yum Yum tree, — That's the Yum-i-est place to be, —

p
When you take your ba-by, by the hand There'll be some-thing doing down in

p-f
Yum Yum land; That is the place to play, — With your hon-ey, and kiss all

day, — When you're all by your lone-ly, You and your on-ly! Yum Yum

(Um!)
Yum my, Yum my, Yum un-der the Yum Yum tree. — tree. D.S.

A Little Bunch Of Shamrocks

WILLIAM JEROME and
ANDREW B. STERLING

(I Am Holding In My Hand)

HARRY VON TILZER

Andante moderato



In my hand I hold a lit-tle bunch of sham-rocks, From that
There are gar-dens filled with vi-o-lets and ro-ses, Where the

lit-tle Isle of green a-cross the sea, They were
air is per-fumed as the li-ly blows, But this

gath-ered in the Vale of sweet A-vo-ca, And my
lit-tle bunch of sham-rocks I am hold-ing, Is more

sweet-heart sent them o-ver here to me, They
dear to me than a-ny flow'r that grows, When

bring me back to Ire-land, The sun shines bright a-bove, They
sad at heart they cheer me, They're from the dear "old Dart," I'll

bring me back to my land I'm with the ones I love.
al - ways keep them near me right here a - round my heart.

CHORUS *Tenderly*
Follow the Voice

mf I can see my own Kil - lar - ney, And the dear old lakes so grand, And the

Mag - ic stone of Blar - ney, where I held my sweet - heart's hand, In my

dreams there's just one oth - er, I can see my dear old Moth - er,

"Come back to Er - in Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen," In this

lit - tle bunch of Sham - rocks I am hold - ing in my hand.

They Always Pick On Me

STANLEY MURPHY

HARRY VON TILZER

Allegro moderato

When I was born my Pa and Ma, They looked at me and
 My Ma put me to bed and said, The An - gels watched me
 One morn-ing just at four o' - clock, Some bod - y tried to

said Oh pshaw, The doc - tor said Its a girl I think, And
 in the bed, They would - n't let things fright - en me, Then the
 pick our lock, I knew 'twas pa - pa sure as sin, And I

Pa went out and got a drink, Then Ma said I looked
 An - gels start - ed bit - ing me; When my Ma sends me
 opened the door and let him in, My Ma said what time

just like Pa and Pa said I took af - ter Ma, Aunt
 to the store I lose the change then she gets sore, I
 is it Pa, Its twelve o' - clock my Pa told Ma, Just

Jane said I looked like a quince, And I've been a step-child ev - er since.
 lost my cat and my bow-wow, I think I'm los - ing some-thing now.
 then the Cuc-koo Cuc-kooed four, And Pa made me Cuc-koo eight times more.

CHORUS

p-f

They al-ways, al - ways pick on me, They nev-er nev - er

let me be, I'm so ver - y lone - ly, aw-fully sad, - It's a

long time since I've been glad, But I know what I'll - do

bye and bye, I'll eat some worms and then I'll die, And when I'm gone you

wait and see, They'll all be sor-ry that they picked on me. picked on me.

52 Do You Take This Woman For Your Lawful Wife ?

ANDREW B. STERLING

I Do, I Do.

HARRY VON TILZER

Allegro moderato

The wed-ding bells were ring-ing in the church a - cross the
 That par - son was a mar-ried man, he had some sym - path -

way, They tolled a tale, that's told most ev - 'ry day, I
 y, He'd said "My boy just take a look at me;" Just

saw a man and wo-man proud-ly march-ing down the aisle, I wondered why he
 fif - ty years a - go to - day for me those bells did chime, And ev - 'ry year was

wore a hap-py smile, I saw him brave - ly stand And then I
 just like do-ing time, I'll give you one more chance, to save your

saw him bow his head, And then I heard the cer - e - mo - ny read.
 life he soft - ly said, And then once more I heard the ser - vice read.

CHORUS

p-f

Do you take this wo-man for your law - ful wife, I do,

I do, Do you swear to cher-ish her for all your

life, I do, I do, Do you Do you

swear to love, to hon-or and o - bey Do you know you're swear - ing
know this means to bed at ten o - clock. And you'll have to hide your

your young life a - way? And the poor old boob could on - ly smile and say I
mon - ey in your sock; Do you know it's just like jump-ing off the dock? I

do I do. Do you do. Do you do. *fz*

When Kate And I Were Coming Thro' The Rye

ANDREW B. STERLING

HARRY VON TILZER

Andante moderato

It was har - vest time way down in old New Eng - land, And the
Man - y years have passed a - way in old New Eng - land Since the

sun was shin - ing on the gold - en grain, I was
vil - lage folks did hear our wed - ding chimes Still they

com - ing thro the rye with sweet - heart Ka - tie, And my
see us wan - der forth the same old sweet - hearts Thro' the

heart was fill'd with pleasure and with pain, — I had wait - ed oh so long to say "I
fields of wav - ing rye at har - vest times, — But a blue eyed lit - tle stran - ger walks be

love you! Won't you whis - per that we nev - er more will part So I
tween us, 'Tis a ba - by girl that an - gels sent one day, And I

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took her hand in mine and soft - ly told her, While I
 of - ten kiss my sweet - heart wife and whis - per Ten - der

gent - ly drew her clos - er to my heart.
 words I spoke in days long passed a way.

rit

CHORUS *Very slow*

pp

When Kate and I were com-ing thro' the rye, The
 sun shown down up - on us from on high,
 How she trem-bled when I kissed her, How she dropped her eye, and

Interlude

whispered "yes;" When Kate and I were com-ing thro' the rye.

Don't Take Me Home

VINCENT BRYAN

HARRY VON TILZER

Au - gus - tus J. Mc Cann, Is a hen-pecked mar-ried man, He's
 Mc Cann made such a fight That they locked him up that night Next
 Mc Cann be - came so sore That he ran off to the war That

been a fight-ing with his wife since his mar-ried life be - gan. One morn at half past
 day he got six months in jail and he said now I'm in right In jail there was no
 war was like Va - ca - tion Time af - ter all he'd fought be - fore He al - ways led the

three, While out up - on a spree, A mot - or knocked him down and out and it
 strife He nev - er saw his wife, He said that he'd be hap - py if he could
 fray But he was shot one day His com - rades saw he could - n't walk and they

near - ly broke his knee, The Chauffeur raised Mac's head, He said "this man is
 stay there all his life But af - ter half a year They said "get out of
 car - ried him a - way Up - on his cot he fell The doc - tor said "well

dead" But when he said "we'll take him home" Mc Cann jumped up and said.
 here" The jail - er said we'll take you home But Mac yelled out in fear.
 well" We'll send this man home to his wife Then Mac be - gan to yell.

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CHORUS

Don't *p.f* take me home, please don't take me

home, Tell me, what did I do to you? *fz*

Oo oo oo oo have a lit - tle pit - y, I'm a poor mar - ried

man, in search of peace I roam,

p I'm with you in an y - thing you do but don't

take me home. 1 home. 2 *fz*

Harry Von Tilzer's Big Hit

Please Go 'Way And Let Me Sleep

Moderato

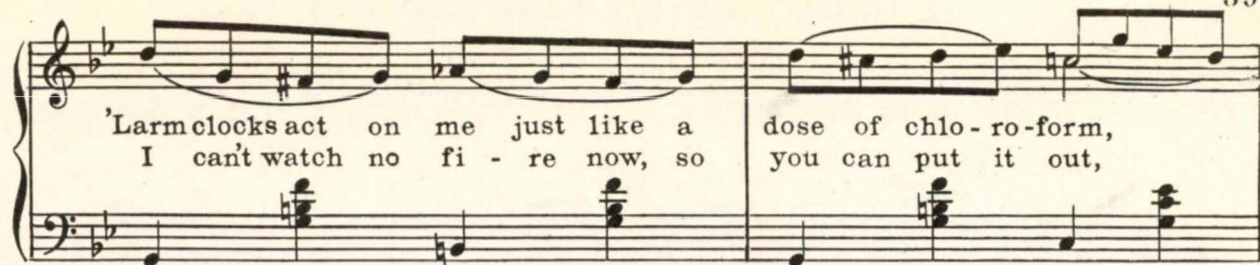
mf I am twice as hap - py as a mil - lion-aire,
Ten o'clock this morn - in' I was pound - in' my ear,

Ev - 'ry day I have such love - ly dreams When I'm sleep - in' mon - ey nev - er
Dream - in' I'm the warmest coon in town Land - lord hollered 'wake up, quick an'

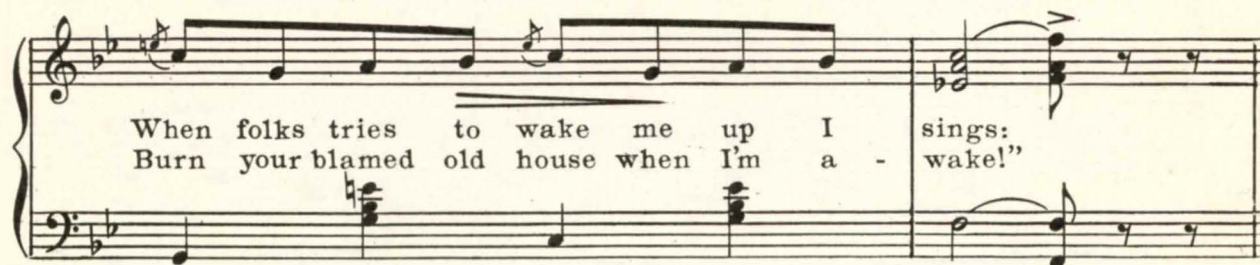
gives me a care, Trou - ble nev - er trou - bles me it seems
get out of here, Hur - ry up, the place is burn - ing down!"

I don't mind no sum - mer heat or win - try storm,
I got sore at be - in' woke an' start - ed to shout

When I turn in bed I feel the Spring
Stop that noise out there, for good - ness sake



'Larmclocks act on me just like a dose of chlo-ro-form,
I can't watch no fi-re now, so you can put it out,

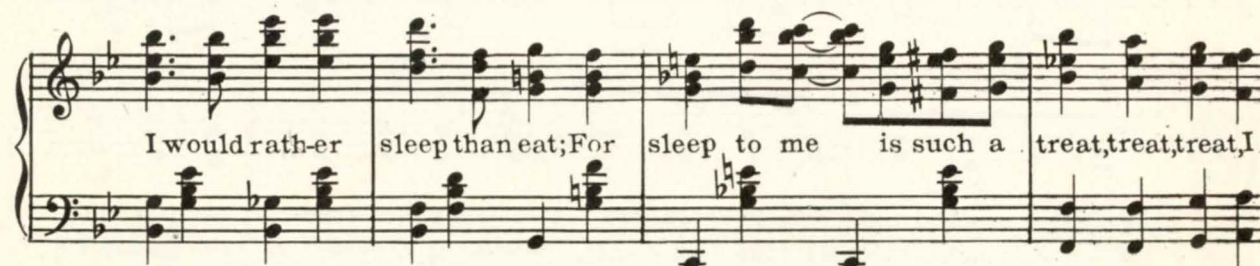


When folks tries to wake me up I sings:
Burn your blamed old house when I'm a - waken!"

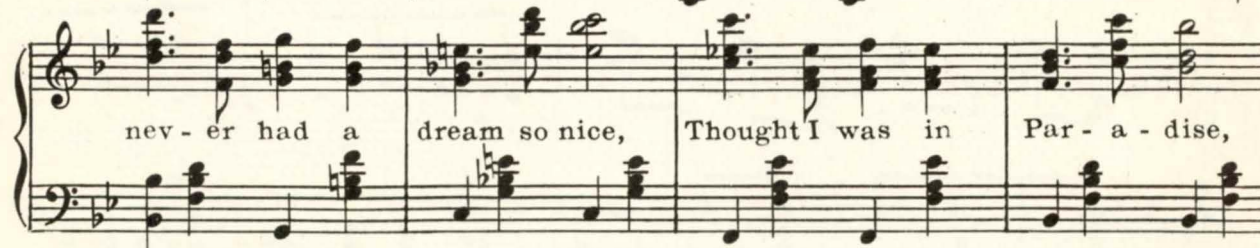
CHORUS



mf Please go 'way and let me sleep Don't dis-turb my slumber deep,



I would rather sleep than eat; For sleep to me is such a treat, treat, treat, I



nev-er had a dream so nice, Thought I was in Par-a-dise,



Wak-in' up makes me feel cheap so Please let me sleep. sleep.

I Love, I Love, I Love My Wife But Oh You Kid

JIMMY LUCAS

HARRY VON TILZER

Moderato

p

Now Jon-esy, was a mar-ried man Oh yes, he was, Sweet
Now Jon-esy's wife and butch-er man Each morn would chat, This

gir - lie on the sin - gle plan I guess, she was,
butch - er too was mar-ried but she did - nt mind that,

Jone - sy stopped and spoke to girl - ie Just as old friends of - ten do,
When poor Jone - sy left the house each morn-ing they would sit and spoon,

And he said I'm mar-ried, BUT, that BUT my dear means you. —
Tell your toot - sie who you love, Then soft - ly he would croon. —

CHORUS

Moderato

p *f*

I love, I love, I love my wife,— But, oh you

kid; — For my dear wife I'd give my life,— But

oh you kid, — Now wif - ey dear is

good to me,— A wrong she nev - er did, — I love, I love, I

love my wife,— But Oh you kid. 1 2 kid. —

On The Old Fall River Line

WM. JEROME &
ANDREW B. STERLING

HARRY VON TILZER

Moderato

p

Talk a-bout your spoon-ing and moon-ing, Take a trip to Bos-ton
When the boat is land-ing, they're stand-ing, Spoon-ers by the doz-en,

it's fine, Sail-ing up the bay boys, Hur-ray boys
and more, While the cap-tain's call-ing, And bawl-ing

I was on the up-per deck when I met mine, I said "Sue in your
Is there an-y-bod-y wants to go to shore, Ev'-ry-bod-y just

sail-or suit— you look cer-tain-ly
an-swers then— turn the boat 'round a-cute." gain.

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CHORUS

p *f*

On the old Fall Riv - er Line, On the Old Fall Riv - er

Line, I fell for Su - sie's line of talk, And

Su - sie fell for mine, — Then we fell in with a

par-son, And he tied us tight as twine, — But I wish "oh Lord" I fell

o - ver-board, On the old Fall Riv - er Line. 1 On the Line. 2 D.S.

A Bird In A Gilded Cage

ARTHUR J. LAMB

HARRY VON TILZER

Moderato con gusto
p

The ball - room was filled with fash - ion's throng, It shone with a
I stood in a church-yard just at eve; When sun - set a-

thou - sand lights, And there was a wo-man who passed a -
dorned the West, And looked at the peo-ple who'd come to

long, The fair - est of all the sights. A girl to her
grieve For loved ones now laid at rest. A tall marble

lov - er then soft - ly sighed, There's rich - es at her com-
mon - u - ment marked the grave Of one who'd been fash - ion's

mand; But she mar - ried for wealth, not for love, he
queen, And I thought she is hap - pi - er here at

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allarg

65

cried, Though she lives in a man - sion grand. _____
rest, Then to have peo - ple say when seen: _____

CHORUS

She's on - ly a bird in a gild - ed cage, A beau - ti - ful

sight to see, _____ You may think she's hap - py and free from

care, She's not, though she seems to be _____ 'Tis sad when you think of her

wast - ed life, For youth can-not mate with age, _____ And her beau - ty was

allarg
sold For an old man's gold, *sost* She's a bird in a gild - ed cage. **D.C.**



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